

# THE GOLD SEAL BUTTERS

## Sequel to "Under the Moons of Mars"

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS  
Author of the Tarzan Stories

CHAPTER XX—(Continued).

THERE could be but one explanation. They were being pursued by another hostile fleet. Well, the situation could be no worse. The expedition already was doomed.

No man that had embarked upon it could return across that dreary landscape. How I wished that I might face Zet Arras with my longsword for just an instant before I died! It was he who had caused our failure.

As I watched the oncoming tent I saw their pursuers race swiftly into sight. It was another great fleet, for a moment I could not believe my eyes; but finally I was forced to admit that the most fatal calamity had overtaken the expedition, for the fleet I saw was none other than the fleet of the First Born that should have been so manfully bottled up in Omean.

What a series of misfortunes and disasters! What awful fate hovered over me that I should have been so terribly thwarted at every step of my search for my lost love! Could it be possible that the curse of Issus was upon me! That there was indeed some malign divinity in that hideous cavern?

I would not believe it, and, throwing back my shoulders, I ran to the deck below to join my men in repelling boarders from one of the three craft that had grappled us broadside. In the wild lust of hand-to-hand combat my old hopefulness returned. And as there after there I saw the First Born's flag, I could almost feel that we should win success in the end even from apparent failure.

My presence among the men so greatly inspired them that they fell upon the luckless whippers with such ferocity that within a few moments we had turned the tables upon them, and, a second later, as we advanced their own decks, I had the satisfaction of seeing their commander take the long leap from the bows of his vessel in token of surrender and defeat.

When I joined Kantos Kan. He had been watching what had taken place on the deck below, and it seemed to have given him a new thought. Immediately he passed an order to one of his officers, and presently the colors of the Prince of Helium broke from every point of the flagship.

A great cheer arose from the men of our every other vessel of our expedition as they in turn broke my colors from their upper works.

Then Kantos Kan sprang his coup. A signal legible to every sailor of all the fleets engaged in that fierce struggle was struck aloft upon the flagship of Helium against all his enemies, it read:

Presently my colors broke from one of Zet Arras' ships. Then from another another. On some we could see fierce battles raging between the Zodangan soldiery and the Heliumite crews, but eventually the colors of the Prince of Helium floated above every ship that had followed Zet Arras upon our trail—only his flagship flew them not.

Zet Arras had brought 5000 ships. The sky blacked with the three enormous fleets. It was Helium against the field now, and the fight had settled to countless and individual duels. There could be little or no maneuvering of fleets in that crowded, free-spit sky.

Zet Arras' flagship was close to my own. I could see the thin features of the man from where I stood.

His Zodangan crew was pouring broadside after broadside into us and we were returning their fire with equal ferocity. Closer and closer came the two vessels until but a few yards intervened. Grapplers

and boarders lined the contiguous rails of each. We were preparing for the death struggle with our last enemy.

There was but a yard between the two mighty ships as the first grappling irons were hurled. I rushed to the deck to be with my men as they boarded, but finally I was forced to admit that the most fatal calamity had overtaken the expedition, for the fleet I saw was none other than the fleet of the First Born that should have been so manfully bottled up in Omean.

When I went the Zodangan before that surging tide of war, and as my men cleared the lower decks I sprang to the forward deck where stood Zet Arras.

"You are my prisoner, Zet Arras," I cried, "and you shall have quarter."

For a moment I could not tell whether he contemplated according to my demand or facing me with drawn sword. For an instant he stood irresolute, and then he threw down his arms he turned and rushed to the opposite side of the deck. Before I could overtake him he had sprung to the rail and hurled himself headforemost into the awful depths below.

Thus went Zet Arras, Jed of Zodanga, to his end.

On went that strange battle. The therna and blacks had not combined against us. Wherever their ship met ship of the First Born was a battle royal, and in this I thought I saw our salvation.

Wherever messages could be passed between us that could not be intercepted by our enemies I passed the word that all our vessels were to withdraw from the fight as rapidly as possible, taking a position to the west and south of the combatants. I also sent an air scout to the fighting green men in the gardens below to re-embark, and to the transports to join us.

My commanders were further instructed that when engaged with an enemy to draw him as rapidly as possible toward a ship of the First Born, and by careful maneuvering to force the two to engage, thus leaving himself free to withdraw.

This stratagem worked to perfection, and just as the sun went down I had the satisfaction of seeing all that was left of my once mighty fleet gathered nearly 20 miles southwest of the still terrific battle between the blacks and whites.

I now transferred Xodar to another battleship and sent him with all the transports and 5000 battleships directly overhead to the Temple of Issus.

Carthoris and the white Kantos Kan, took the remaining ships and headed for the entrance to Omean.

Our plan now was to attempt to make a hurried retreat upon Issus at dawn of the following day.

Tars Tarkas, with his green warriors, and Hor Vastus, with the red men, guided by Xodar, were to land within the gardens of Issus or the surrounding plains; while Carthoris, Kantos Kan and I were to lead our smaller forces from the sea to Omean through the pits beneath the temple, which Carthoris knew so well.

I now learned for the first time the cause of my ten ships' retreat from the mouth of the shaft, and I saw that when they had come upon the shaft the navy of the First Born were already issuing from its mouth.

Fully 50 vessels had emerged, and though they were battling immediately in an effort to stem the tide that rolled from the black pit, the odds against them were too great and they were forced to flee.

With great caution we approached the shaft under cover of darkness. At a distance of several miles I caused the fleet to be halted and from there Carthoris went ahead alone upon a one-masted flier to reconnoiter.

In perhaps half an hour he returned to report that there "as no sign of a patrol boat or of the enemy in any form, and so we moved swiftly and noiselessly forward once more toward Omean."

At the mouth of the shaft we stopped again for a moment for all the vessels to reach their previously appointed stations, then with the flagship I dropped quickly into the black depths, while one by one the other vessels followed me in quick succession.

We had decided to stake all on the chance that we would be able to reach the temple by the subterranean way, and so we left no guard of vessels at the shaft's mouth. Nor would it have profited us any to have guards, for we did not have sufficient force all told to have withstood the vast navy of the First Born had they returned to engage us.

On the safety of our entrance upon Omean we depended largely upon the very boldness of it, believing that it would be some little time before the First Born on guard there would realize that it was their enemy and not their own returning fleet that was entering the vault of the buried sea.

And such proved to be the case. In fact, 400 of my fleet of 500 rested safely upon the bosom of Omean before a shot was fired.

The battle was short and hot, but there could have been but one outcome, for the First Born in the carelessness of fancied security had left but a handful of ancient and obsolete blunts to guard their mighty harbor.

It was at Carthoris' suggestion that we landed our prisoners under guard upon a couple of the larger islands, and then moved the ships of the First Born to the shaft, where we managed to wedge a number of them securely in the interior of the great well.

Then we turned on the buoyancy rays in the balance of them and let them rise by themselves further to block the passage to Omean as they came into contact with the vessels already lodged there.

We now felt that it would be some time, at least, before the returning First Born could reach the surface of Omean, and by that time we would have ample opportunity to make for the subterranean passages which lead to Issus.

One of the first steps I took was to hasten personally with a good-sized force to the island of the submarine, which I took without resistance on the part of the small garrison there.

I found the submarine in its pool, and at once placed a strong guard upon it and the island, where I remained to wait the coming of Carthoris and the others.

Among the prisoners was Yersted, commander of the submarine. He recognized me from the three trins that I had taken to him during my captivity among the First Born.

"How does it seem," I asked him, "to have the tables turned?" To be the prisoner of your erstwhile captives?

He smiled a very grim smile pregnant with hidden meaning.

"It will not be for long, John Carter," he replied. "We have been expecting you and we are prepared."

"So it would appear," I answered, "for

you were all ready to become my prisoners with scarce a blow struck on either side."

"The fleet must have missed you," he said, "but it will return to Omean, and then that will be a very different matter—for John Carter."

"I do not know that the fleet has missed me as yet," I said, but of course he did not grasp my meaning, and only looked puzzled.

"Many prisoners travel to Issus in your grim craft," Yersted," I asked.

"Very many," he assented.

"Might you remember one whom men called Delah Thoris?"

"Well, indeed, for her great beauty, and then, too, for the fact that she was wife to the first mortal that ever escaped from Issus through all the countless ages of her godhood. And they say that Issus remembers her best as the wife of one and the mother of another who raised their hands against the goddess of Life Eternal."

I shuddered for fear of the cowardly revenge that I knew Issus might have taken upon the innocent Delah Thoris for the sacrifice of her son and her husband.

"And where is Delah Thoris now?" I asked, knowing that he would say the words I most dreaded, but yet I loved her so that I could not refrain from hearing even the worst about her fate so that it fell from the lips of one who had seen her but recently. It was as though it brought her closer to me.

"Yesterday the monthly rites of Issus were held," replied Yersted, "and I saw her then sitting in her accustomed place at the feet of Issus."

"What," I cried, "she is not dead, then?"

"Why no," replied the black; "it has been no year since she gazed upon the divine light of the palace face of Issus."

"No year!" I interrupted. "It cannot have been upward of 370 or 380 days."

A great light burst upon me. How stupid I had been! I could scarce restrain an outward exhibition of my great joy.

Why had I forgotten the great difference in the length of Martian and earthy years? The ten earth years I had spent upon Barsom had encompassed but five years and ninety-six days of Martian time, whose days are 24 hours longer than ours, and whose years number 687 days.

"I am in time! I am in time!" The words surged through my brain again and again, and I must have voiced them audibly, for Yersted shook his head.

"In time to save your prisoners?" he asked, "but without waiting for my reply: 'No, John Carter, Issus will not give up her own. She knows that you are coming, and ere ever a vandal foot is set within the precincts of the Temple of Issus, if such a calamity should befall, Delah Thoris will be put away forever from the last faint hope of rescue.'"

"Not that, other than as a last resort," he replied. "Hast ever heard of the Temple of the Sun in the mountains that they will put her. It lies far within the inner court of the Temple of Issus—a little temple that raises a thin spire far above the spires and minarets of the great temple that surrounds it."

"Beneath it, in the ground, there lies the main body of the temple consisting of 687 circular chambers, one below another. To each chamber a single corridor leads through solid rock from the pits of Issus."

"As the entire Temple of the Sun revolves once with each revolution of Barsom about the axis, but once each year does the entrance to each separate chamber come opposite the mouth of the corridor which forms its only link to the world without."

"I am glad to hear that," I said, "but when she does not care to execute forthwith, or to punish a noble of the First Born she may cause him to be placed within a chamber of the Temple of the Sun for a year."

"Offtimes she imprisons an executioner with the condemned, that death may come in a sudden hour, and by that means, or again, but enough food is deposited in the chamber to sustain life but the number of days that Issus has allotted for mental torture."

"Thus will Delah Thoris die, and her fate will be sealed by the first alien foot that crosses the threshold of Issus."

"I am glad to hear that," I said, "but when she does not care to execute forthwith, or to punish a noble of the First Born she may cause him to be placed within a chamber of the Temple of the Sun for a year."

Though I had performed the miraculous, and come within a few short moments of my prisoners, yet was I as far from her as when I stood upon the banks of the Hudson 48,000,000 miles away.

CHAPTER XXI  
Through Flood and Flame

YERSTED'S information convinced me that there was no time to be lost. I must reach the Temple of Issus secretly before the forces under Tars Tarkas assaulted at dawn.

Once within its hated walls I was positive that I could overcome the guards of Issus and bear away my prisoners, for at my back I would have a force ample for the occasion.

Church Gives "Country Fair"

A "country fair" and festival for the benefit of the building fund of the Catholic Church of Our Lady of Holy Souls began last night at 19th and Toga streets. The festival will continue all week. Music, motion pictures and other amusements are features of the entertainment.

Philadelphia Band to Play

The Philadelphia Band, under the leadership of Silas E. Hummel, will play tonight in Convention Hall, Broad street and Allegheny avenue. The program follows:

1. Overture, "The Blue Bird" (L. Delibes)  
2. Suite in four parts, "Atlantis" (Mendelssohn)  
3. Nocturne and Morning Hymn of Fraissac (F. Chopin)  
4. "The Song of the Sea" (L. Delibes)  
5. "The Destruction of Atlantis" (Catholics)  
6. "The Song of the Sea" (L. Delibes)  
7. "The Song of the Sea" (L. Delibes)  
8. "The Song of the Sea" (L. Delibes)

Fairmount Park Band's Program

The Fairmount Park Band, under the leadership of Richard Schmidt, will play this afternoon at 10th and Market streets. The program follows:

1. Overture, "The Blue Bird" (L. Delibes)  
2. Suite in four parts, "Atlantis" (Mendelssohn)  
3. Nocturne and Morning Hymn of Fraissac (F. Chopin)  
4. "The Song of the Sea" (L. Delibes)  
5. "The Destruction of Atlantis" (Catholics)  
6. "The Song of the Sea" (L. Delibes)  
7. "The Song of the Sea" (L. Delibes)  
8. "The Song of the Sea" (L. Delibes)

of course, the movie is going to be acted mainly by grown-ups, but there will be a girl or boy part in it somewhere, and there ought to be about a dozen places where other children have to appear. Maybe there'll be a school kid boy.

Anyways, I want any boy or girl in the club who would like to act in this moving picture to enter the EVENING LEDGER Photoplay Cast Contest. (See if you can learn all those words.) Or if you have some very good friend among the grown-ups, maybe a policeman or a fireman, or a school teacher, or a playground teacher, that you would like to see do in a movie, you can nominate him or her.

All you have to do is fill out the blank and MAIL it or TAKE it to FARMER SMITH RIGHT AWAY. Look for your name or the names of your friends in the Amusement Section on Saturday, and read about how you vote for your favorite every day by cutting out an EVENING LEDGER coupon. The voting begins Monday. But you must enter just as soon as you can.

If you lose this blank you can always find one in the daily Moving-Picture Department of the EVENING LEDGER, or you can get one from Farmer Smith himself.

Who's going to be the Rainbow Star?

THE EDITOR OF THE MOVING PICTURE CONTEST.

Evening Ledger Photoplay Cast Contest Entry Blank

Please enter in the Evening Ledger Photoplay Cast Contest:

Name (Give or Mrs.) .....

Home address .....

Name (Mr.) .....

Home address .....

Signed by .....

For .....

Nominating organizations may concentrate their votes on one candidate or may nominate two for two; i. e., one lady, one gentleman.

This nomination blank, when properly filled out, must be mailed, with the name to 1000 votes.

Candidates are requested to give their home address in York and every instance, so that the Editor will be able to communicate with them from time to time. All addresses will be strictly confidential.

Only one Nominating Blank will be credited each contestant.

Mail to Evening Ledger Photoplay Cast Contest, P. O. Box 964, Philadelphia.

Don't forget to fill out the blank and mail it to Farmer Smith, the Editor of the Moving Picture Contest, at 1000 votes.

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ROBERT EDESON  
To be seen at the Regent tomorrow in "Fathers of Men," a Vitagraph V. L. S. E. film.

### 5 MINUTES ON SCREEN MAKES MOVIE FUTURE

Like Mae Murray, an Evening Ledger Scenario Actor, May Land a Contract

By the Photoplay Editor

When the last crop of Ziegfeld Follies was in town you may have noticed in the very laughable burlesque of a moving picture which they threw on the curtain a young lady who, unlike the rest of the screen actors, wasn't a member of the sure-enough company which acted the remainder of the Follies. The explanation was that this pretty young lady happened to be in California at the time starring in a big feature film made by the Lasky Company.

And, to finish the explanation, it was Mae Murray's short five minutes on the screen in the Follies burlesque that won her a contract with Lasky.

The moral? Well, the EVENING LEDGER is just starting a photoplay cast contest for Philadelphia to act the prize-winner in its scenario competition. If you have some organization or some body of friends enter your name for that contest and vote you into a part, maybe, just maybe, of course—for it all depends on your having the real "screen face" and the real screen presence which will win the EVENING LEDGER photoplay will "sign you up." Try it, anyway.

And, incidentally, something of the same sort could be said to the amateur scenario writer. The man or woman whose story is fitted in Philadelphia under the supervision of the Metro Pictures Corporation will not only be able to prove that he can handle the scenario form, but he will come into personal contact with a big firm to which he may be able to sell a five-part feature some day.

The current issue of the EVENING LEDGER Universal Animated Weekly contains:

Diving beauties—Winner and runner-up in national championship, Los Angeles, Cal. Lady Seditas (complete)—President Wilson and Samuel Johnson, labor chief, review program, Washington, D. C. Teaching babies to play—School children dance and play in physical culture exercises, Los Angeles, Cal. Films of Empire—Temple, Los Angeles, Cal. Flags of Empire—British honors banners of England and Monaco at Cathedral service, St. Paul's, London.

Unexpected Guests—No Milk in the House

Such a situation does not trouble the woman who always keeps her pantry supplied with

EGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

You can use "Eagle Brand" in cooking just as you would use fresh milk and sugar—and because it is so pure and so rich it makes your cakes, pastries and desserts more tempting than ever. Try "Eagle Brand" in cooking and see what a convenience it is. Use wherever milk and sugar are required.

When buying milk or milk products—always ask for BORDEN'S

Prominent Photoplay Presentations

WEST PHILADELPHIA

OVERBROOK 63D AND HAVERFORD AVE.  
RED FEATHER FEATURES PRESENT  
"THE HEART OF A CHIEF"  
"THE RING"  
SELECTIONS FROM "SYBIL"

BALTIMORE 50TH AND BALTIMORE AVE.  
Douglas Fairbanks in "HIS PICTURE"  
"Better Late Than Never"

EUREKA 40TH & MARKET STR.  
DE WOLF HOPPER and FAY FINCHER in  
"Mr. Good and the Samaritan"  
Keystone Comedy—"BUZZLES OF TROUBLE"

Broad Street Casino BROAD BELOW ERIE  
HELEN ROSSON in  
"THE ABANDONMENT"

KEYSTONE 11TH ST. AND LEHIGH AVENUE  
VAUDEVILLE and  
"IRON CLAW" Pictures

OLYMPIA BROAD AND BRANDBRIDGE  
The matinee in comfort, safety and smartness at the matinee price. MARY DALRYMPLE  
Pearl White in "The Iron Claw"

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Home address .....

Name (Mr.) .....

Home address .....

Signed by .....

For .....

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San. Houston, Promising battle scene—Canada's 17th Battalion, receiving its orders from Major General Sir James Wolfe, in the battle of the Marston, 1759. Newly elected president of the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce, J. Edgar Hoover, in a speech before the Chamber of Commerce, Philadelphia, Pa. (Special to the Evening Ledger.)

Following closely on the news of the engagement of Maurice and Florence Walton by the Famous Players' Film Company comes the announcement that Margaret Court, one of the prettiest of the motion-picture ingenues, has been engaged by that company. She is already co-starring with